

*Blit. Pamph. vol 46.*  
The Cloud Opened; 2

OR, THE  
English Heroe.

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By a Loyal and Impartial Pen.

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*Quam facile fit cæcus dux vitæ, & obscura lux temporum  
Historia? Si non amentia, rarus est qui non ineptia  
litavit. Unicus fit qui Deo & veritati obtulit.*

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\* London, Printed A. D. 1670.

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# The Cloud Opened; OR, THE English Heroes.

**O** *Nogyls* is an Herb worthy of Asles, a Lactuce like their Lips, rough and prickly; yet (if Herbalists are to be credited) a Counter-poyson. Adulation, though smooth as oyl, is no Alexipharmick. The tame Beast, a Flatterer, is more spotted, nor less cruel than the Leopard or a Tyger. And with the gayety of a Serpent, the rich manesing of an Adders skin hath no unequal Poyson.

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In

In the late Tyranny, (when Reason seem'd the most extravagant Freak, and Religion and Loyalty had the repute of such Grand Malignants, as a Plague might be suppos'd to harbourers of Contagion) a Mercenary Trifler would have the Usurper *Oliver*, an *olive*: sure after an happy Revolution, no one can be master of more sense than the Clenching Panegyrist, or Voluminous Nothing wanted; as much a Stranger to Wit, as to our Nation; his Appetite only sharpen'd Invention, and the hungry Gut vented Oracles. Where the Scripture on the Rack, was only taught to patronize Impiety, by making bloody and blasphemous Confessions; it can be no wonder if *Fotham's* Parable was forgot by an Exotick Whiffler, where the Olive could yield no Fatness to usurp, and of a Bramble only could come the Fire to destroy the Cedars of a Lebanon; such an unhappy Land, as, made a Forrest, was inhabited by wild Beasts.

In an Age of Lying Wonders, where a more than ordinary Antichrist brought Fire down from Heaven, it could be none of the least of the Miracles, that a *Fisher* could by *Pagan* Worship translate the Brazen Image of a Tyrant into Gold, and make it equal an hundred *Facobusses* or more pure *Carolines* in value.

A doubly blind Bard first in his own, and (as some fancie) since by Gods Judgment, would have him equal'd by a *Kingfisher*. But to have had such a King for his Subject, in whose cause Christianity might seem engag'd, sure could not need the temptation of a Bribe,



to him who had not renounc'd the Christian Profession; though pedantically florid, and less significant Pens, serv'd but as Foils to his *Portraiture* and Sufferings: which were only to be taken from his own Writings.

*Virtue*, which is content with her own reward; and *Loyalty*, which expects no recompence below Heaven; know not how to descend to that truckling and servile Assentation, which has no better Hieroglyphick, than the most impure of Creatures, the sometimes fawning, and at others, snarling and biting Cur.

The Deceased *General* may merit some grateful *Epi-cediums*, above such dismal Ditties as attend upon Executions, which seem more merciless than the Extremities of the Law; while the Executioner in metre is more barbarous than the Hangman. The *Muses* have little to do with *Mars*; yet they must not permit a praise-worthy person to dy, if they have any Faith for their Arch-Priest the Prince of Lyrics. It is a Tribute due to Allegiance, to commend him whom a King would honour. Commands (strong as mustard) may seem unnecessary to make the Nations eyes water into Elegies for his loss; who was the supposed Restorer of their sight; the blessed Instrument of returning a King, who may be truly call'd *The Light of our Eyes*. Who would not melt by a Compassion (if obdurate for lesser losses) for the *Muses Helicon*, what the Poets might call Showers of Tears, might seem expedient when it is grown so muddy, as it cannot furnish out so much clear wit as can sprinkle an Herse. Foolish Versifiers, like

to Schismatical Pulpiteers, by rackt *Hyperboles* and tender'd Allegories, make the most sober Truths discredited; Folly dispraises those she would commend, and diminishes Glory, by seeking to multiply it.

Who would not believe that a Fable, which must have all the Heathen Gods brought into the Scene for the delivery? He who ariseth early, and praiseth his friend aloud, it shall be reputed to him for a curse; if the wisest of men is to be believ'd. That a too early and inconsiderate commendation can irritate Envy and Contradiction, which might have slept, if not awak'd by rash and untimely bauling, may be easily now demonstrated from the Discourses of Folly.

Whether Design or Chance renders more famous, is uncertain. History can furnish us with a Coward, who by the loss of his head, grew victorious; by a virtue inherent in the Spurs of Honor, the more generous Beast which is intitled to want of brains, transporting to noble Achievements. A defect in the noddle hath render'd not a few strangely supereminent, whose excellling Disposition, like that of an inrag'd Horse, hath qualified for the rushing into a Battle. The Psalmist will have an Horse a vain thing to save a man: to raise one to a fair Mount of Honor, some can instance *H. B.* who for a Knighthood and Lordship would cry God-*amercy* to his Beast.

*Thomas Anello* is not the only Example of a brutish valor, attaining to a mushroom grandeur: Nor was the

the puny Thief *Du Val*, the first Robber who lay in state, by pompous folly to be made more inglorious.

The Acrian stalking Nag (on whom the subtil Fowlers of Phanaticism set their aim to shoot at Game Royal) had his Image order'd to be made by the grand Boglers at Ceremonies; and Decryers of Superstition; which intended for an Honor, made him to suffer *in effigie* for a Traitor; while a freak-inspir'd Sectary cut off an head equally stupid, with that which he had devoted to the vain Idol of a Foolish Reformation.

The *Protector* of Flies, carried in state like to a Pagan Deity, might seem worshipp'd by an Heathenish Idolatry; while our Gentiles Schisms fly-blows having gain'd wings by the warmth of his bounty, with buzzing acclamations attended on their *Belzebub*.

*Zisca* would have a Drum made of his skin; and our Glorious *Edward* would have his victorious Corps carried for a terror to his Enemies: but nothing can be more vain than to take a pleasure in the hovering of those dire vapors above ground, who might seem to have cleft it for contagion.

Vainly the dead are embalm'd with spices, whose lives can contribute no odors in good works to perfume their memories.

The Survivors worship of the dead was the wild Superstition of Heathen. A commemoration of Saints  
and

and Benefactors deceas'd, has bin neither the irreligious nor impolitick custom of sober Christians. The honor given to good men is a tribute render'd to God, who will be honor'd in his Saints; the praises of the bad are so many acknowledgments to Satan, who is thus worshipp'd in his Images.

The mysterious Riddle of Loyal Grandeur, whom some will have a Parent to his Mother, and his Fathers Father, a Prince the Father of his Country, the supererogating *Monk, G. D. of Albemarle*, may worthily challenge that surviving honor, by which he seems triumphant over Fate: if not a principal, an adjutant, or such a Cause without which our felicity could not be effected; if to vast Piles of living Honors were super-added mountains of wealth, and after death he is plac'd among Kings, who seem'd the Restorer of Kingdoms, no wise or good man can repine, but rather congratulate the felicity of that Age, in which a Servant esteem'd Faithful, found a Master truly Royal. Honor was not made dishonorable in our Generals superadditionall Titles: the achievements of his Ancestors, if not superior to most; inferior to few Coats of Arms born by our English Nobility; what might give a supereminence, and Fools will be always the most apt to blazon, the only blot in the Escutcheon. Honor must be fair written, ev'n the Fountain of it, a Prince, cannot wash away the blemishes of his own making.

The Generous Heroe who disdain'd to bring in a King, fetter'd like a Royal Slave, or such a Beast as must

must not be allow'd the use of Reason whose Crown-  
 ing is in Relation to the making of him a Sacrifice, by  
 not attending to that rigid zeal, which (inseparable  
 from envy of any greatness which might exceed her  
 own) would have Kings bound in chains, and their  
 Nobles in fetters of iron; the intolerable Gives of a  
*Scottish* League, by making Princes Parties, can de-  
 throne, not only level with a Peasant, but equal to a  
 Brute: if giddy Fame was only constant to this Re-  
 port, none could think Honor or Riches misplac'd with  
 our General, except such who can believe cruelties ex-  
 ceeding that of the *Goths*, *Huns* and *Vandals*, confer'd  
 on the Preserver of his Country, a recompense worthy  
 of a *Bellizarius*. The devouring of a Serpent would  
 be thus thought to produce a Dragon. Our *George*  
 might not have seem'd to conquer a Monster, but to  
 have introduc'd one, in Ingratitude equalling that most  
 monstrous piece of Barbarism, the mischief brooding  
 Part, which venting nothing but noise and stench, in  
 the Opinion of Buffoons could be esteem'd more ho-  
 norable than the Head.

He who restored the Fountain of Honor untainted,  
 none can justly envy a liberal benefit of the Streams; or  
 who would deny some larger clusters of Grapes to him,  
 by whose beneficence they seem to have the uninterru-  
 pted enjoyments of their Vines?

Necessity renders the proudest Titles contemptible;  
 when an Emperor became a Souldier to our Eighth  
*Henry*, it might seem a timely magnificence which

B

made

made a Princes bounties shine in a Tent; made with cloath of gold. The Prince who undervalues himself or Benefactors by becoming cheap, his Kingdoms and Armies rarely want Purchasers.

The Drums must beat, Trumpets sound, and Images of Gold be reat'd to make the People fall down and worship : Yet where worldly pelf are the only Motives, wise men can rather suffer the fiery furnace of affliction, than pay a Devotion to such foolish Idols.

*Speeds Chronicle* hath a Remarque, That he who thought himself a match for Princes, the Low Country Prince, or truer King of Gypsies, the Arch-canter and chief Idol of the Aerians, who patroniz'd holy Hypocrites as sure friends to Religion, as he was to the most bosom friend, whose neck they could well contested break, to make way for the espousing of a Whimzy, the great E. of *Leicester*, the so much celebrated Favourite living, unmask'd by death, could wait a commendation.

Death only makes true Confessions. A little loss of air, (or as much breath as can furnish out a bubble vanish'd) leaves the most wind-impostum'd bladder shrivel'd. What equals all men, lends an impartial view, and unlearns the mannery distinctions betwixt a Prince and Peasant. *Homer*; though the Father of fictions, may gain a sober belief; while he will have Hares to insult over dead Lyons : but Envy cannot blast just actions, which (as a minor Poet) in the dust can swell sweet and blossoms. Who



Who undervalued life in his Countreys Causes;  
 Lillies and Roses may be said to spring from the Tomb  
 of a no less renowned Hero, who dar'd to do as much  
 in the Sea, as *Curtius* in the Land, for his Country.

Some will have the first Degree of Reviv'd Loyalty  
 commenc'd at the *Three Tuns*; and can dare publickly  
 to aver, That there is a Knight who being inspir'd by  
 the same spirit of Loyal Sack, will swear himself the  
 Author of our so Happy Restoration, and that Loyalty  
 or Ruine were the only choice left to the *General*.

The Serpent which gave us the Sting, must afford us  
 the Cure: Some will not be persuaded that the *Fun-*  
*sto* which made him a Cypher in Commission, contri-  
 buted no vote to their own Ruine, by putting a Period  
 to his, gave a date to their own supereminent Power;  
 and thus the cunning were catcht in their own snare:  
 Yet he who insatuates the Council of the worldly wise,  
 hath the least returns of Honor or Praise, where most  
 forgetting God can suppose a Sacrifice due to every  
 foolish Ner.

The Lord F. (anagram'd by *Hei! fax fato Mars*) if  
 not the greatest, no slender persuasion will allow, none  
 of the meanest Instruments by rising on the back of  
*Lambert*, and thus to have nobly expiated that brutish  
 Folly, (not to give it a worse name) which suffer'd us  
 to be depriv'd of the best of Princes.

I have bin no infrequent (though for the most part

an incredulous) Auditor of a Baronet who would have the *General* at his enlargement from the Tower, crave a benediction from Bishop *Wren*, and assur'd him, when opportunity was propitious, he should not be averse to the Royal Service : Neither was this a single Tradition which he had receiv'd from his Loyal Father, but another must be attendant on it equally irrefragable, a promise to his Loyal Comrades, *viz.* never to bear Arms in *England* against his Prince : This not a few will have most exactly to be perform'd ; and hence by no action of his Loyalty to be impeach'd : What he acted in the first Dutch Engagement, and what was performed in the *Caledonian* War, must by a milder gloss be interpreted a Zeal for his Country, and no disaffection to his King ; but the more rigid Censors will not allow him who wounds in hands and feet no Enemy, though not equally mortal with him who transpierces the heart.

A Superintendent Lord would be a Privado to those proceedings, which might call the wisest brains into question to imagin : But coming from so supereminently knowing a Statist, and told in Parliament, he may seem wanting to all Reason, could be deficient in the belief of our *Generals* intention for a Restoration : I have heard a Kinsman and Retainer to his Lordship aver the sight of the Letter.

Whether *O. C. L. &c.* have not complemented with vain hopes such as they never intended should reap any benefit above that of a deluded Imagination, is



is the Discourse of no unwary, if none of the wisest Heads.

The Supplement of a Chronicle (which some can think may want a stout *Peter Heylin*, who blind, might best guess at dark intrigues) must be incontrollable to evince the truth of those intents. A Chronicles name passes with some graver Noddles, for an Authority equalling that which the Vulgar Creed hath for a Ballad, which their Wisdoms conceive as authentick as the Divineſt Writ.

There are vast disproportions (if not a Gulf equalling that which separated the Rich man from an *Abrahams* bosom) betwixt such who write to give God the Honor, and those who arrogate Divine Honor to their foolish Imaginations. The Heroe in the Romance must pass strange dangers, encounter Monsters, Magicians, and Giants in difficulties, be at a precipice for ruine, before Miracles are call'd in for his Deliverance.

*Cæſar* who writ Commentaries on his own Actions, though none of the worst, might not be the trueſt of Historians. Opinion puts false Spectacles on our eyes: both self-interest and self-conceit rarely not diseaſe our sights; and make us reſemble Jetericks, who can apprehend no colour beſide their own.

Some will have it to be number'd among thoſe rarely numerable Infelicities of Loyalty, to be huff'd by every Braggart, not only out of the Tributes which ſhould be

inseparable from Virtue; but must be ever incapable of Worldly Compassion, unless lost to that Reason which should difference from Brutes. The foolish things of this world thus in no Christian sense may seem to confound the wise; but they who with a grain of Salt, have only a mite of Charity, may pitty, not envy, giddiness advanc'd to slippery precipices.

Though a Sober Doctor, in the languishing state of the Body Politick, might not be usefess; some will not allow the metamorphos'd Apothecary by the addition of Honor, lost to one, while he provided sawce with suppers of his own, to make an harsh parcel of Chronicle be more easily digested. A merry transform'd Chirurgian, who pretends an equal intimacy in transactions about State Ulcers, (if truth is in wine) might be believ'd, who would have a Broomstick with a rag at end of it, to have bin of sufficient efficacy for the Miracle of a Revolution.

The Phanatick O. (whose name might imply his doctrine fit for lighter grounds) having bin baffled about a misquoted piece of the Apocalyps, was sarcastically ask'd by a Lord, at the Generals Table, whether he was converted out of the *Revelations*? to which he boldly reply'd to the Grandee, equally through all times giddy, That it was not the *Revelation*, but the happy *Revolution* to which they all ow'd their Conversions.

That Nature should produce nothing more reserved than our English Heroe, will seem not the least of our Na-

Nations Wonders, when some can impute that crime to him which makes all things more perlucid than glass; and others will have such not infrequent perturbations impetuously moving in giddy passions, as not to permit the greatest secrets inconspicuous.

The marrying of a Neece to a Regicides son, might call Loyalty in question, did we not live in such an Age of Wonders, where nothing can seem strange : some can cast away, what others can think a foolish pitty, on a Lady born of Loyal Parents, who apprehend not the Mysteries of flesh and bloud, or rather those transcendent ones of the late times.

It is no least piece of Charity (if some may be credited) to believe he never intended that Restauration, of which he was made an happy Instrument.. His own pristine Loyalty, and that of his untainted Brothers (by consanguinity, not alliance) might predispose the reimbining of so long estranged Allegiance : but many swim with the stream, who dare not oppose an adverse Torrent.

Report will have the E. of L. drolling to have told the D. that he could never have heartily cursed him in his life except once, and that was when he beat down the City Gates; to whom he merrily reply'd, That while he was doing the work of his Masters, they turn'd him out of Commission; but he conceiv'd himself to have bin even with them. *Idemem dicere verum, quid vetas?* can be the question of more than a single Horace.

A.

A Person of great and sober Honour, (who rarely could find a Peer, in that unhappy juncture, either in Estate or loyally-ingag'd Relations) assur'd with voice and gesture expressing horror and indignation, that nothing of good could be expected from this Man, neither by his Agents in *Scotland*, by homebred or exotick intelligence, the least glimpse of hopes could arise : but a sudden Revolution taught a Palinode; he had long expected nothing less from so worthy a Person. The Shepherd who would be reputed weather-wise, by telling one it would be fair, and another foul, in all weathers kept his reputation. Our late times can show no few successful imitators of this trifling-Impositor, who to this foolish craft ow the opinion of their grand wisdoms.

In the so much celebrated March from the North, nigh *Dunstable*, having an opportunity of treating some of his Commanders, one of them, a person neither unfociable, nor of that rigidly morose humor, which is inseparable from Faction, inform'd me he could not sufficiently admire at the universal kindness which they encounter'd in the March from *Scotland*. If a King was in the Design, nothing could be more vain than the peoples imaginations : since neither the General nor his Followers could think of it without horror; and that I might relinquish vain and fruitless hopes, thought himself oblig'd in civility and conscience to inform of the Oath taken in *Scotland*, nothing differing from that which since put out by Phanaticks; I have perus'd in print, not without a new impresson of horror.

Chri-

Christianity will induce us to believe, that neither the *General* nor his Army were guilty of that Atheistical Policy, which calls God in for a witness to a ly. Success instills new thoughts ; men have the changes of mind with the vicissitudes of Fortune. Factions like other Traders enrich'd by unexpected returns, disdain all partnership, divide and drive different Interests. How easily do those speculations which seemed as high as heaven, stoop to the Lure of every phancy'd profit.

*Cromwell* though he snatch'd at a Crown in the Comedy, could not expect to gain one by the Tragedies acted over three Nations. The E. of *Effex* who would seem clear from the suspicion of Treason against *Q. E.* would not deny that success might have made a Traitor.

They who fear'd not man might suppose it in vain to contest with the Deity. The *General* and his Army heard in their Expedition the Voice of the People, like that of God, they found the sinews of war were wanting; and though the Chains, Gates and Posts of the City were cast down, the spirits of the Citizens were indejected : who had engag'd to restore a Parliament to freedom and honor, it had bin perjury not to have perform'd it, though some will have the act a high violation of Faith, deserted first to relinquish the patch'd piece of folly with the Appellative.

The Army introduc'd no King ; but having settled a more rationally suppos'd Parliament in freedom, acquiesced

esced in the determinations of their Superiours : and thus the true Souldiers of King and Parliament finish'd without their cruell aid, the War so long protracted by perjury, rapine and blood;

It may seem a cruel piece of Charity to deprive of Christianity, for the better intireling to Grace and Excellency. Who came at the last hour in the Gospel; was allotted a reward equalling that of the first comers. Such converts as are the joy of Angels, should not be the Envy of men.

Some will have the Low-Country a Nursery for Souldiers, but the most unsuccessful Academy for Religion and Loyalty : who expos'd their souls and bodies Mercenaries to in the cause of a Rebellious Commonwealth were vainly expected good Subjects to a Prince.

Generous persons, are apt to entertain their Title in their beliefs, can suppose our General no ignoble Souldier of Fortune, who fighting long under her colours, at length attain'd the giddy Idol for his constant Mistress. He deserted no Masters, till they deserted him; a Low-Country Religion both oblig'd him to a Party, and disoblig'd; when he wanted an exchange for Loyalty, he exchange'd it; and when giddy Patriots of the then espoused Cause, were return'd fairly to take away his Commission, he as honorably relinquish'd the deserters of themselves and him.

It is a blasphemy to affirm him a Deity, though we may



may justly allow him an *Hannibal*, a *Fabius*, an *Heracles*, a worth equalling, if not superexcelling all the Antient *Heroes* : some foolish Sycophants will intitle to more wisdom, than God ever intrusted to mere humane Nature; yet while they strive to deifie, make him the Fool that said in his heart, *There is no God*. He who can take Oaths, with an intention to violate them, it must be a strange excess of Charity which can allow him a God in his Creed.

General *Leshly* told *Potter* a Trumpeter, sent to him by the Royal Martyr, That he would serve his Majesty as faithfully as he had done the Parliament : The Scot gain'd an easie belief, and in charity we may believe intended what he promised; he served them for Money; and for gain (which was his Religion) would have expos'd to sale his Masters. But while a necessitated Prince could not go the price, a King not to be equal'd by Millions, is pass'd in exchange for Two hundred thousand pound.

Nothing is more pleasant than the junior story of this Bony *Focky*, who ran away with blith *Fenny*, stealing sixteen shillings sterling from an old Mistress at *Edenburgh*, to defray charges; yet by temptation of so vast a sum, though much mowing, and many Beams, she reap'd not Matrimony, till her fingers being as light as her heels, a plunder'd Portion made up the Match which was a muckle day of joy, as the good Countess told the Right Honourable Lady of *Oxford*, when her Husband from a common Soldier had arriv'd to be a Scotch General,

neral, and by heading a Rebellion, became an Earl, to give a reputation to his future Villanies. Snakes though warm'd in the most Royal bosoms, will require their entertainment with a sting. Though Factions may seem to lose their heads, which are raken off by Honor; yet they are rarely wanting to fresh opportunities for mischief.

Our generous Champion, when he had espous'd Loyalty, and acquir'd deserved Honor, by the evil principle of no mercenary spirit, made Conscience a Prostitute to the lusts of Faction.

Who would wound our *Heroe* in the weakest part, find him there most impregnable. Honor, Conscience and Gratitude appear in his vindication; and that cruel necessity which can make batteries on the strongest Resolutions: none will phancy it brutish fierceness, or that the most daring of men would be affrighted out of Reason, by an inconsiderate Huffer, the great tie of Christianity which injoyns satisfaction, and the preserving of a generous Family, famous through a long series of Ancestors, might be no lesser inducements to Marriage. If in some things he resembled an *Alexander* the Great, in others he exceeded the more victorious *Julius Caesar* an Husband for all mens wives; excellent above his fam'd Ancestor a Fourth *Edward*, or a *Philip*, who sur-named the Good, wanted his Virtue. Our *Heroe* was not captivated by that which enslaves the proudest Victors; and made him whose labours fill'd all the world, ridiculously to truckle to a distaff: in this a more

than



than *Hercules*, who by an invincible fortitude, endur'd a Confinement which might intitle to a quotidian incountring of Monsters, and not less frequent triumphs o'er wild Beasts in Passions.

In requital, if he found a Wife, not rich, she made her self so : some can phancy the riches accruing to her Husband, and Heir, by this frugal Womans means, made the proudest Dowry in three Nations scarce her parallel for a Match. It was a rare felicity in Ages, when the Parents virtue was the childs dowry ; who neither gain by inheritance nor acquisition, are only reputed contemptibly poor : where Money answers all things, Riches ; where Worth, Virtue may seem the best portion and most acquirable of perfections.

Though *Lycurgus* Dogs seem to make an infallible demonstration, they are too incharitable in their censures, who can believe that no temptation either of gain or profit, could intervene, in which, with the transform'd Cat in the Fable, the humor of mousing not return'd.

It is reported of *Theophilus*, that he burnt a rich ship of his wives, daubing that the covetous folly of a woman should exchange the Title of an Emperour to that of a Merchant. Some can hope a more cruel Traffick found no acceptance from our Induperator : others can fear an Harpies Talons laden, were never an ungrateful Oblation.

He who pluckt the Thorns out of the Crown, it is Charity to believe he would plant no new pricks, or Canaanites resembling them, in his side, whom he had return'd to a Land of Promise.

Who mov'd in so high a Sphere of Glory as our *Heroe*, could not but attract Clouds of Envy, which by their blacker interposure might veil that lustre which they could not obscure. Envious Folly, the most obnoxious to mistakes, rarely makes not more bright, what she intends most to darken. A sober scrutenist may find our *General* the less conscious of what the Rabble's Idol Report, the Common Lye, broaches from frothing hogheads, either for advantage or impairing of Glory. The giddy Strumpet Fame, which is every Idiot's Prostitute, makes no stop betwixt the Extreame of Honor or Infamy: she cherishes that which we intends to blast by the cold wind of an envious displeasure; and, while active as fire, she would gratifie Grandeur, consumes what she intends only to inliven by a warmer commendation.

The selling of a Prince was a fatal Prognostick: may the sale of Loyalty be more propitious. The God of this world did so dazzle foolish eyes, that nothing was to be seen in the most Execrable Trator, beside unparalleled Excellence. Treason was only a subtil reservedness, or a pious fraud for Royal advantage. The Mammon of unrighteousness was not impudently to provide Heav'nly places, but to promote Earthly interests. Some can think the greatest Judas here, might have found

found no cause of desperation, where so many Pieces might have intitled to Honor and Office. Mr. *Cafe* may serve out of many Centuries of observations, who (a constant Servant to his Royal Master through all Changes) prov'd a Setter of *Olivers*, peach'd high by Mammon, in this last and more happy Revolution defaming him for disloyalty, to have bin so grand a Virtuoso on Record, as might evidence to have receiv'd no lesser Stipends for annual courses of Treason.

Though he who makes haste to be rich, cannot be innocent: yet who would guess the greatness of guilt by the vastness of a contracted Treasure, may be mistaken in their Arithmetick. The *Generals* Offices of Profit, and Places of Honor, none can justly deny him; nor a wise man the frugal improvement: his Retinue was rather beneficial than chargeable, who put neither to the Expences of Wages or Diet.

The Courtiers and his own Servants, who revenge by their tongues the loss which they have sustained by their teeth, rarely speak well of him, whom they will have the Author of Board-Wages at Court, and to have sav'd half in his own daily allowance: The Poulterers ware, as sacred, must be untoucht, if it met no maim at his Table, was injoynd, new roasted, to revisit it next day in company. All Excesses are equally dangerous: if he observ'd the truly golden mean to enrich a Family, it could not be dishonorable. The story of *Achan* may seem no Fable, where the blood of Families hath bin swallowed for their Healtchs, and the  
mercy-

merciless teeth of a fawning Retinue have devour'd their Masters. But among giddy Reports none can be more incredible, than the menacing of an only child with disinheriting for expending Five shillings at supper, in which sum a Capon, a bottle of wine, beer, ale, roots, must be included: though perhaps wine might lend the only occasion to the Passion, which he who allows to children, adds fire to fire; and by a fond indulgence contributes to the ruine of a Name; when debauch'd Nature, to quench the preternatural heat, renders them such sponges, as overcharg'd by liquor, serve only to expunge their own and Ancestors Glory. The Philosopher would have crack'd his spleen to have seen vast piles of muck provided, & the ground left unmanur'd, where nothing could be wanting that well imploy'd might have render'd it fertile. I knew a Pedant of so strangely scrupulous a conscience, that he could number it amongst his sins to make a Boy more learned than his Father, which he could suppose might unlearn him that duty which hath the promise of long life. It must be a larger portion of knowledge which can edifie for perfection; the traders in small parcels gain only some windy inflations which can puff up; some will not allow it above a windy distemper, which so long discompos'd our body Politick, and made that duty forgot, which is a just tribute to the Parent of a Country.

Not a few think of learning what *Matthiavel* says of Religion. That it is an impediment to great Actions. Blindness, begot boldness, and folly must be intitled to, far and fortunate, or else the plump Schismatick could

not gain so great an Harvest of foolish Ears, which every blast of false doctrine can teach to bow in compliance to the most pernicious Ignorance.

Folly may be reach'd high, like the Fblers Crow, yet not secure from a Foxes Craft. Our schismatical Reynards by provoking fools to cant, make the meat in their mouths a purchase; or fail not thus to gain themselves food.

Though the General had a mighty spirit (as I heard one phrase it) the Woman was not so narrow soul'd as her Husband, if of any religion she was a Presbyterian, in the time of the Plague sent Five pound to a Non-conformist Sermon-maker; bestow'd 12 s. a piece on fifty poor Widows; caus'd her Son to send two broad pieces for Plaisters, to the goutie Versifier of the Gang, whose feet were more deservingly nimble for her Lords honour in the Northern Expedition: they will not allow him a dram of charity who cast no line into the treasury of the Saints; but we can hope, though a Souldier, he needed not the Hypocrits trumpets, and the Alms he gave in secret will be rewarded openly. However, while there are Churches, Colleges, Hospitals, or any publick Monuments of Charity he will be acknowledged a Benefactor; who seem'd to reserve them from the jaws of that sacrilegious Wolf, who would have glibly swallowed all things sacred under the pretence of zeal and reformation.

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He could not be ignorant of the six thousand pounds his Wife had intentionally devoured to an Alms-House, which he made his own act by an Approbation; it may be imputed to an improv'd Religion and Loyalty, if he grown wiser by time was a less zealous Patron of those pernicious House-creeper, who lead silly Females captive, to whom a Paradise would be displeasing without the taste of prohibited fruit. If he took no care of what some can call the Household of Faith, none can deny, worse than an Infidel, by taking no care of his own Family, what some can call so-didness, if equally considered, may be found a noble frugality which would not leave for vast a Pudding contemptible for want of Sugar.

Some will affix to a greater Statist than our General, the Maxim on which the *Indians* ground the neglect of God, and the worshipping of the Devil: but evil Council is ever worst to the Councilors; the cunning are rarely not catched in their own snare; and he who digs a pit for Loyalty may fall so deeply in, as the most loyal may find no Resurrection.

There are who will not allow the greatest pretenders to Loyalty to have had an equally obliging nature with that of the Pikes, who devour their own kind last: where the Proverb will have a Dog lov'd for his Masters sake, he who could but snarl and bark in the Cause, &c knew never how to fawn on his enemies; to be be lost to all respect, might call the Grand Monopolizers of Loyalties



Loyalties rush into question. Many could have been content to have dy'd, that others might enjoy that sight to whose enjoyment they ow'd a cruel death. It can be no Paradox to aver, that sincere Loyalty can never want either a Friend or Reward; and yet what is most strange, that contradictory assertion may seem equally true, that to no fucated Loyalists the most wish't for of Restaurations, by the extirpation of more loyal Families, hath prov'd a more fatal enemy then the War. In a baptismal vow we renounc'd the World, the Flesh and the Devil: Engaged in the Royal Cause, we might seem to fight against those three grand Antagonists; if the younger Brothers in Loyaltie, who had wasted their Patrimonies on the Harlots of Schism, and could be content, like the Swine, to be fed with the husks of every false doctrine; if the return'd Prodigals are receiv'd into favour, why should the elder Brothers repine, having the assurance of a promise; no wise man would trifle away time to gather Cockles on the Shore, when he may set sails unto another Gountry, where are no fickle joys, hopes, or fears, but an *Engc Beate* is made the prologue to eternal Felicity.

Nothing is more comical then to see our Apes of Loyal Grandeur; how stately are the deportments of foolish Mimicks, till the scrambling for Nuts exposes ridiculous? *Lucretius* would have it no lesser pleasure secure on the Shore, to contemplate a far off men toss'd on the Sea: Who will be laden with this worlds Merchandise are the subjects of Winds and Waves,

which seem to sing and sport in their ruins; they are the objects of a Fools envy, but the Wilemans pity, who expose frail Barks to encounter all storms.

Some can fancy our *Heroe*, the Wheel to which we owe all the vicissitudes of giddy Greatness, say alternately he was an enemy to the two supereminently Loyal Scavits, and will have a third with the loss of hand (which he ever valued like to itself, dirt) purchase with a place the delusion of a pleasing dream.

The Gordian Knot, which none could untie; an *Alexander* could cut; but it is reported of an angry Lord, E. of P. that being in office, he made it his business to break wiser heads, than his own. Though some praise our Generals conduct to the making of Hyperboles modest, others will have his head-piece the worst part of his Armor. Who pretend to be most knowing in those affairs, to think that *Oliver*, either could fear there, or be ignorant how to remove him from his command in *Scotland*, is accounted the most ridiculous part in his Story: to G. he must have been like one of the Centurions servants; a mutinous Sea-man must have found it true by the experiment of a lost Nose, which to patch up cost him and *Oliver* ten Pieces.

Our *Heroe* never wanted resolution, which is the best sword in War. Had his head been as good as his heart, the Nick-named Protector told C. *Orry*, *England* would have been too little to have contain'd a *Nel* and a

*Fack*;



*Jack*; but heads and hearts holding so unequal a correspondence, the secure Tyrant might domineer o're three distracted Nations. Some, like Chymists, by the advantage of other mens heads may do miracles, who are useles with their own, not above tunnels for smook, yet by fumes inspir'd, pretend to all things.

Whom not a few have call'd a delaying *Fabius*, many can think he would have fought with a daring *Hannibal* upon any disadvantage; when neither the odds of number, nor a contradictorie Commission could hinder from the disadvantageous engagement with the *Dutch*. *Militemus* was an Emperours Motto, let us fight Boys, our more undaunted Generals; war was his element, and out of it he might seem like a Fish out of water.

The opinion of the Stoicks can animate Turks to brave death in War, and in place intrepid to converse with the most fatal Contagion. Our *Heroe* by stranger revolutions might be easily induc'd to embrace the doctrine of an inevitable wheel, who could dreadless look down on dangers, fear neither of those Bug-bears to Mankind, A Plague, or War, so much a Pr ofelite to the Predestination principle, as to think it most ridiculous to fly that fate which is unavoidable.

A Knight related to our *G.* dehorted him from the Belgick War, as having done already enough for the immortality of a Name. To whom he repli'd, he  
was

was sent into the world upon an Errand which must be performed, and whether it might end at the bottom of the Sea, as it was uncertain, so it should not find him concern'd. Some will have our *Heroe* like the Poets *Ajax*, who disdain'd to be vincible by any except himself, and will have it so near the finishing his errand in the Sea, as Guns were placed to sink so great a weight of Glory.

Who conquered the World could not subdue his Passions: Those mutinying Rebels can domineer o're the reputed Invincible; some will have Thunder and Lightning in our incensed *Heroe's* breath, and that he was least what he perswaded others to be (in his journey from the North) of a sedate temper; rather than peace should be with the *Dutch*, he said he would never wear a Sword. A more sober Statesman is reported to have repli'd, he had rather lay aside his Gown, then that so unnecessary a War should be commenc'd; inform'd him our want of Allies abroad, and Moneys, Wars Sinews, which can give strength to the most enfeebled Arms, make firm Friends at home, and assure forreign Alliancés; the wise Man knew, though God and a good Cause makes a great sound, it is the tinkling noise of coyn doth the Souldiers business; and however justice is pretended in all Engagements, it is to Gold, the worlds great Idol, men are content not only to make the sacrifice of Fools themselves, but even their nearest Relations.

War

War is not only sweet to them who never try'd it, but to such who have reaped a benefit by it: a soldier can love his Harvest. Some cannot arrive to his wisdom, who went out of the world with a *Thou fool*, with full barns he could have bin contented his soul should have took her ease.

We have had the War, by which the Kingdom is so many Millions in debt; our *Heroe* in probability might have lost his Sword, and if he had bin a Dutchman, might have forfeited his Head, which renounc'd not only Reason, but ev'n Loyalty, by rashly exceeding of his Commission: Yet the extremity of Law might thus have prov'd the supreme injury. If it was Treason in our *General* (as in the case of an E. of *Essex*,) it was a venial delinquency; if a Traitor, he was the best meaning; whose superabundant or zeal or valour concluded of an Engagement, by the mistaken proposition of the accruing honour and safety to his Prince and Country, in whose Cause his Noble, though here not best inform'd Spirit, could have bin content to have finish'd an Errand in Waves, the best Emblems of inconstant Greatness and giddy Fortunes Favours. The method by which he seem'd to restore, he might have secur'd his Country: here a *Fabius*, he might have effected by delays, what he could not by fighting; and have seem'd a double Restorer of this Nation, whose rashness might have intitled the Demolisher.

It cannot be the less wisdom not to think to do always the same things. Empirical, or valor, or medicine, not rarely successful. Storms

Storms succeed the clearest Sunshine; which a wise man foreseeing, like to the victorious *Charles* the Fifth, quits the Stage.

When *Cromwell* had fell from his Coach, a Confident of his was overhear'd to complain, that he who had rais'd, would ruine them, if a timely care was not taken to prevent the exposure of his wild freaks. Death was a timely friend, nigh to the end of his wits, was near to the end of his life; and thus finish'd what *Mazarine* call'd the most fortunate piece of Folly.

Some will have him who could be content to resign his Gown, rather than there should have bin a War, to be forc'd to resign because it prov'd successless.

Men rarely can be pleas'd with his company, whose looks may upbraid their miscarriages. The incens'd Rabble, like to Heathen Idols, must have humane blood for a Sacrifice; though the foolish overflowings of their Galls can be pacified by no more grateful oblation than that, by which they express all ills, Ingratitude; seldom not gratified by his Ruine, who might most seek their Preservation.

Though *Strafford* was allow'd to be no President, yet some will ever propose him for an Example; and no Act of Oblivion will make us so lost to our memories, that the most unfortunate Earl will be forgot, who incomparably loyal, was impeach'd by such Arch-Rebels, as by introducing the Scots, were guilty of the highest

highest Treason, the most Implacable enemy of Tray-  
tors sell their sacrifice.

When putrid members were to be cut off, the body  
politick was depriv'd of the sounder part, which might  
have secur'd it from encroaching mischiefs, while an  
unparallel'd Princes clemency, which gave fears to  
none, and left not the greatest villanies destitute of  
hopes, administer'd in the Grand Statesmans ruine,  
if not a just, an unhappy cause of his own untimely  
period.

The gratifying of the weakest heads, with the loss  
of the wisest, as a most bloody, so is rarely not a most  
successeless Policy.

The *Athenians* might be thought to have a veneration  
for an Owl only, who could estrange Worth by an  
Ostracism.

Some will have the greatest of English Statists to  
have perish'd by their own weapons. One wise head,  
like *Galba's* wit, not ill plac'd, may exceed in value not  
only many Millions of Money, but Armies of Men.

Good intelligence, and bold truth some say could  
unfix a no undeserving relation of the Generals,  
whom nothing, except his displeasure, unrivited from  
the greatest office of Trust, in which the Successor  
may seem not the least of State Riddles, but mysteri-  
ous Grandeur is such an Abyss, as Fools will fondly  
guess

guess at the depth of that which the Plumets of the most comprehensive reasons can never fathom.

Some who are incapable of the diviner mysteries, can put themselves to the troublesome admiration how the extemporary trash of a canting and long winded Schismatick in a Chamber, can be preparatory to the more sober devotion of the Chappel-Royal? or how the truly Loyal and religious Grandee's, our incomparable Converts, can keep Chaplains to assert with paper pellets that schism to which they must be the greatest strangers, if not estranged to their Allegiance; and to defile their new honours have not suck't up their old vomits? The Actors on the worlds Theatre, by shifting Cloaks and Beards act different parts, and interchangeably fill up the Play of life with calamitous scenes of misery, or ridiculous interludes.

Nothing is more pleasant in our revolutions then to hear the grand enemies of the Prerogative, and the Lordly Branches, the most confident assertors of the Priviledges which the King and Lords may most justly challenge; and the same persons formerly could most unjustly impugn: who deprived the Throne of Supporters will ever stand in need of one to cleave to, and secur'd by the Unicorn can be dreadless of the Lyon. The least Friends of the loyal Clergie will ever want the benefit of it in a Psalm of mercy. How apposite is the Princes Prerogative pleaded in the favour of schism by the Protesticklers of it, which would allow him none in Religion? And yet thus they can hope a privilege



priviledge for such as void both of tenderness and conscience to its Prince, could deny him a liberty they would have indulg'd to the meanest Subjects.

There may be no improbable conjecture as well as other Grandees, a confident ignorance might easily impose on our *Heroe*. The intrusting so valued a body with such an illiterate quack, as some would have disdain'd to have made the Farrier to a beloved or generous Beast, lend no small suspicion; the Patronage of the Stroaker some will have a too pregnant example.

Age, in it self an invincible disease, might assure no easie conquest of a concomitant distemper, which might be intitled old: yet twenty years of superannuation, and twelve of deafness, were esteemed inconsiderable in a nonagenarian woman, when a wonder-working hand could appear for the recovery, the Stroaker G. and sent by the General to restore her so long estranged Hearing.

*Simon Magus, Apollonius, Peregrinus Philosophus, Alexander Baphlago*, who appear'd with lying wonders to give a disrepute to Primitive Christianity, could not be more confident then this gracious babe of the Presbyterian Reformation while the Puritans accuse the Papists for their holy Maid of *Kenn*, they forget *Elizabeth Barton* their Wench in the *Wall*: As if stroaking could cicure the wildest Adversaries, every party hath been provided by a thus trifling Impostor.

Men in power should not make themselves conscious by such a brutish connivence as calls Gods and his Vicegerents Honours into question.

The bold folly of Stroakers may seem a mocking of Majesty, and the intrenching on that Prerogative, which conferr'd by a *St. Edward* the Confessor, and a *St. Lewis*, on the Kings of *England* and *France*, to cure by touch, must be reputed sacred, such a Jewel as cannot be alienated from a Crown.

Miracles need not be call'd into the Scene, where natural causes can be ascrib'd : Stronger frictions can cure some intercutaneous Maladies, should the balm of a swearing Palm be deni'd conducive by the effluvioms of wonder-working Atoms.

A Knight, a Relation to the Duke, and Son to the Grandeve Patient of the Stroaker, gratifying my curiosity with the converse of the Trifler, I heard him as confidently propose *Moses* an example for his doing of Miracles, as if he had been to lead the Jewish Tribes of Pharissical Presbyterians through a Red Sea into a Land of Promise : and the Invasion of *France* being then nois'd, the English by a cunning Man might hope the recovery of what they had lost by a wise Woman. If the Braggart, or a vouching Comrade were to be believ'd, the General was so indur'd by the recovery of his Kinswomans eye, that he would not allow him a nights absence to gratifie the impurity of Relations.

Sink.



Sinking men will take hold of Reeds. Stroaking, which could hear abominable superstition and Jesuitical contrivance in the Papists, must give a reputation to the declining cause of Presbyterians: The wonder-working Lieutenant was the most affecting discourse of that party, which had he been of a different phancy, for his lying wonders they would have intitled him an Antichrist.

Whom some would have a Candidate for a Cardinals Cap, others will have Probationer for a Fools, while he could countenance a stroaking Friar to enter contest with a Prince, and show a Chappel less efficacious for miracles then a Banqueting-house.

It not a little perplex'd Sir K. D. and made not a few merry, that an eminent Churchman with an Honourable Title, and the not disingenious Son of a Grand *Virtuoso*, expos'd an innocent to danger, and themselves to be ridiculous. The solemn Pageantry which attended the simple Irish Priests stroaking to wiser heads of their own profession, seem'd a discretion rivalling theirs, who with Kettles afford their tinkling Charity to the Moon in an Ecclyps.

Who since the Restauration gain'd to his Right Honourable Title, a blew Ribband, and in some opinions was intitled to a refin'd wit, and grand Politician, the late times report the Patient and Admirer of a stroaking Lunatick, the unhappy Stroaker, whose disturb'd

disturbed brains for their recovery might want more drugs than an *Anticyra* could furnish, which so long deluded the most active endeavours of Medicine, attended by the severest discipline of *Bedlam*.

Who can wonder if natures rude draught, a Soldier polish'd by no Art, impos'd on by proud Ignorance and giddie Fame, might give a Stroakers folly a Commendamus, where the wisest Heads might have their Judgments call'd in question by their hands. Desert is not only unattended on by a Mandamus, but rarely encounters an unbrib'd Commendation. Empty heads make the greatest sound, and full purses the most significant noyse for Preferment. A Phanatick Trooper, who might be lost to all knowledge, if he had not plunder'd it from Loyalty, whose Library was not above a *Barrows Method*, and an Almanack, two Doctors hands requir'd for the granting of a licence to practise Physick, he produc'd an obsolete Mandamus from the grand Protector of Ignorance, *Cromwell*, which in the worst of times had not the confidence to visit *Oxford*, in the best durst encounter the most learn'd Bishop *Saunderson*, who in vain could resist it, ten Angels powerfully appearing to his Chancellour, were satisfactory motives to make by the golden rule of practise a true Licentiate.

The Schools can make it disputable whether what was intended the greatest encourager of Virtue, hath not been the least acquainted with Merit. Learning and Loyalty put beyond all dispute, brought to the test,

left, would be rarely found above in the seas and Mandamus of not a few booted Fishermen for degrees (as they call them) which are catch't by a golden hook. Loosers may have a prating licence: If a few complain, many have cause to praise this golden Age. He must be wise who is rich, or some whole mercenary spirits can give so glib a commendation to the most deplorable pieces of Folly, may be question'd for that wisdom which makes fools and themselves equally fortunate.

Worldly Grandeur, with the not misbecoming attributes of Right Honourable and Right Worshipful, sometimes can have a too unhappy resemblance to Pagan Idols, which having eyes and ears, neither hear nor see.

Whose wisdom lies in another mans head (who can be blind and deaf for interest) may make a comment on that Text, which will have man being in honour compar'd to the beasts which perish without understanding.

Some will have our English *Solomon* in pain, to have listen'd to a Woman for a Remedy. There are who guess by the touchstone of Physick, whose ignorance might exceed a Phanaticks Sermon, nor the only Empirick who attended our *Herse*. *France, France*, often repeated in the opinion of a *Francis*, could equal the titles of an Emperour: to excuse his mistakes, and make a parallel for all worthies, we may repeat the  
*Souldiers*.

*Souldier, Souldier*: Some think they honour most in making no Souldier; but an uncommission'd and peaceable Spectator to the most happy of Revolutions.

When the stinking part offensive to most nostrils, had her Presbyterian appurtenances adjoyn'd, which long laid aside for sweetning, had not deposited their rankness to clear Noses; One of their prime votes was, that no man should be capable of Office, who would not subscribe Rebellion lawful, for by a necessary illation it is deducible, if a war against the King was just: I have heard some, not of so ill inform'd judgments, as to believe the levelling of a war against a Prince not Treason, yet so loose princip'd in Religion, that they would assert all Oaths and Subscriptions lawful, which might render capable of serving the Royal Interest; such tools were as profitable to Loyalty as the Gnosticks to Christianity. He who dares not trust God, in vain may be credited by man. To play the Devil for God sake hath been a common Proverb, but was never enter'd for an Article in a sober Belief.

Who could glory in being Confessors; and could think to suffer in the Cause of God, their King and Countrey, Martyrdom, Air and Dirt, Life and Fortune, were contemptible trifles to them, who could propose white Robes in confession and Purple in their sufferings, which might be Prologues to Crowns and Immortality, but such who followed deserted Loyalty; as the people our Saviour into the Wilderness for  
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the miracle of Loaves, seeking worldly advantages, might pawn their souls for trash, and sin for a morsel of bread.

It is an Atheistical piece of folly to disown Omnipotency, that we may gratifie weak Surmisers.

The custom of swearing and forswearing had in our unhappy Land took away the sense of perjury: by the no infrequent use of Poyson it went into the opinion of such nutriment as might seem necessary for their constitutions. In a wilderness of Apes and Monkeys none could dread by an Oath to take in a Spider.

That Oaths may make a Land mourn, we have Religion to assure, and reason to instruct us: but how they can be the instruments to our rejoicing, may be an Article of that Creed only which could exchange a Christ for an *Adonis*, and make Religion truckle to every darling folly.

In such an Apostacie as might make an unhappy Land sigh, and wonder at her self so soon turn'd Leper; Some believe a thundring Legion to have secur'd our *Theodosius*, we received a *Charles* by the grace of God, not favour of Men. No quirks nor intrigues of giddie Polititians, but he alone who rules the wheel of human vicissitudes, produc'd this happier Revolution; the best of Physicians, and no worm'd-brain'd Mountebank of State, subvend to our distractions; when the twisting of Land by foolish combinations was found a successeless folly, and the brain-

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sick

Black hopes of fondest Royalists might pass for phrenzy.  
 God derided from heaven, and by dividing their  
 Councils, who were enemies to our *David* turn'd the  
 wisdom of our *Achitophels* into a Rope.

When the Bricks were doubled a *Moses* came :  
 our Task-masters grown intolerable, God rais'd us  
 up Deliverers. The Stars in their courses, which  
 fought against, fight for us: the most inauspicious  
 Planets by happier conjunctions, deposit their male-  
 volence, and seem to have friendly aspects for Loyalty  
 by a more propitious revolution. Sure this was the  
 Lords doing, and should be marvellous in our eyes.  
 God scatter'd the men who took delight in war, and  
 by a bloodless victory gave us peace: the prayers  
 and tears of a poor and distressed party, the weapons  
 of the Church militant, prevail'd over the loud cry-  
 ing blasphemy and perjuries of their Enemies.

The war begun from *Scotland*, a Nation fatal  
 to Princes, a Region of darkness can give light, and  
 the North infamous for ill, must be celebrated for  
 good, since from that place, we receiv'd the first  
 part of for cure, to which weow'd the beginning of  
 mischief.

The Lord, who being a General, gave way to a  
 Princes ruine, without which it could not have been  
 effected, now a private man opens a way for a General  
 which led for a King's Restauration, without which  
 it might have been vainly hoped.



The Dragons taylor, which gave Royalty the fatal wound, cures it by an Antimonarchical vote; by seeking to introduce a plurality of Generals, brings in one King.

The Members which an Army secluded, an Army restores. Now better restored to their senses than to believe a King (though intitled to the name of a *Solomon*) when he call'd them all Princes: they could not now fancy the Members Eternal (who by the loss of that unhappy head, which intrusted with power for its own ruine, might find themselves mortal:) they could no longer dream of being Omnipotent, when as a debt due to vengeance for denying the just tribute of Allegiance, they had encountred the curse of curses, been servants of servants, and what might be the highest aggravation, enslaved by their own vassals.

An Antesignane of Schism seems a Precursor of Loyalty; he, who by imposing on factious ears had justly lost his own, now might seem worthy of the reserv'd head, which in its lucid intervals could be so beneficially sober.

Loyal Reason was such a miracle from the self contradicting Author, as could produce a self-denying Ordinance, which might be as instrumental to a happy Restauration, as that was to the utter extinguishing of faint and glimmering Loyalty.

The *Sumpsons*, who had been bound and blinded by deceitful *Dalilabs*; false Oaths, and foolish Ingagements, though with their own dissolution can be content to pluck down the house of the Philistians so long devoted to the Idols folly.

A sober Council met; the heart of the Kingdom votes for an Head, that it might be no longer a senseless Nation: By whose return'd command a loyal Body is legally summon'd, which may truly hear Patriots, Restorers, an healing Senate, Sanctuaries, not slaughter-houses of Innocents, who by contributing religious and loyal votes have expiated there the cruel follies, where irreligious and disloyal suffrages chang'd an happy Land into a field of blood.

The merry Dr. *Collins* desir'd his taking of the Covenant might be deferr'd till the day of Judgment, when it would be clearly known what became of Covenanters.

Wise men will suspend rash censures: While the Curtain is drawn the best of Prophets are but probable Conjecturers.

Nothing of earthly glory hath been wanting to grace our Hero, even to the Apotheosis of an Emperord.

Our Patron *George* interr'd, a solemnity was intend-  
ed to a Tutelar Saint of the name, which had it been  
perform'd, an hot-brain'd Zealot, who had perus'd a  
*Tertullian*, or a *St. Cyprian de spectaculis*, might be more  
dangerously troublefom to the difcompofure of weak  
and fcrupulous noddles, then the Polypragmatick  
Lawyer in his lefs fignificant, and more ridiculous  
mifquoting of them againft Stage-plays. That which  
is not evil in it felf may be fometimes not well advif'd.

The order of the Garter may defend it felf by its  
Motto, *Evil to him who evil thinketh.*

*Theognis* will have *Jupiter* neither with rain nor  
without it to pleafe all men. Neither a clofe fist nor  
an open hand can want a mifconffruction: What was  
wanting to neareft Relations, was conferr'd on the Ge-  
neral, without whom all might feem unavailable for a  
Crown.

Wife men can be pleas'd with the moft excellent  
gratitude, and fools can be gratifi'd with the gayetic  
of the fight.

It was the cuftom of Heathens to deftroy the Li-  
ving under pretence of honouring the Dead; not a  
few made clofe mourners by a civil death, feem'd to  
follow the corps of an Ufurper.

Some can fancy that an *Effex*, *Irton*, and a *Crom-*  
*wel* lay in their beds of blafphem'd honour with more  
fond

fond State: None are suppos'd to have equall'd his funeral Pomp inferior alone to that of Princes by a Diadem: The defects of earth may heaven supply, by changing a fickle Coronet into a never fading Crown.

*Mars* in most opinions is best pictur'd reaking in blood. A General render'd inglorious, if not expos'd in the purple of War: To bring in our *Heroe* with the white Robes of a Confessor, and disingag'd from the bloody Camps of a rebellious Schism to make a Souldier of the Church Militant, which can only lead to the truly triumphant paths of Glory, if an error is more venial then by intitling to the craft to bestow on him the prey of Foxes; a great rather then good renown, unworthy of a Christian Champion, Let *Mahometans* glory in praises common to Wolves, Bears and Tygers, who expect in Paradise no pleasure above those of Goats, by the enjoyment of brutish sensuality.

Foolish Historians, like fond Heralds, make the most savage of Beasts supporters to the Arms of the highest Grandeur, butcheries and debaucheries the prime parts in the tragedies of their Heroes; what but nam'd might turn Christians blood into a congeal'd cake of Ice, is affix'd to the story to make a more horrible *Polyphemus*.

Discretion should lay aside the bloody Shirt: The fam'd Conquerour of the East, who instead of all the vain pomp of proud funerals, would have a Shirt carried

carried aloft, in triumph to show how small a portion was left a *Saladine* after his mighty acquisitions, surely had a cleanly shift, and no bloody emblem expos'd of humane inconstancie. The cruel piece of duty, which sacrific'd a man to revenge for an injur'd Father, though some can fancy generous, heroick, and a prophetick action which first made the Souldier who was to restore the common Parent, may it ever be forgot, whilst the bloodless conquest for a Countreys Father. never wants a grateful Commemoration.

May the bloody Atchievements in a Belgick, Irish, Scottish War be ever silenc'd, and after so honourable a death be introduc'd by no puny Historian, who while he fancies the erecting of Trophies, by accumulating the dangerously acquir'd conquests of an *Heroe*, exposes a brutish valour and basted reason, for marks of honour by a mistake of objects, affixes indelible notes of infamy. While the Lyon is forgot, may the triumphs of the Lamb be celebrated, who unlearn'd us the fierceness of Savages, and by attending to the voice of Peace, became a *Gratioso* to a most peaceable Prince on Earth, and hath the promise of the blessing which attends upon Peace-makers, and thus may be intitled a Favourite to the King of Kings, who disdains not the title of the Prince of Peace.

It was no cruel victory to which our *Heroe* ow'd his honours, and three Nations their preservation. God appear'd not in the thunder and lightning of Wars, but in the soft whisperings of Peace for the most happy of Restorations:

The

The General can never want the Encomium of a *Fabius*, will be ever intitled by delays the Restorer: To attribute our Restauration to the Churches Prayers, though an Heterodox, can be no culpable opinion, which cannot dishonour God by ascribing all to his mercies, nor the King to have his cause own'd by Heaven, nor the General, by being made an instrument in the hand of the Almighty, when his own Arm was withered by the loss of strength in a Commission.

The Psalmists Fool, said in his heart there was no God; and he said that all men were liars: may Wars, Plagues, nor Fires, be the cruel Remembrancers to instruct that truth which we are so apt to forget, To God only belongeth salvation.

Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but to thy Name be the Glory. Who would rob God of his Glory on Earth, may fall short of being glorified in Heaven.

*To God alone as ever due, be ever Glory, whose Fame only can make an History Everlasting.*

## ERRATA.

**P**Age 3 read Heroe, Onogynos, inamelling. P. 4. l. 15. r. out of. p. 11. r. cause. p. 15. l. 12. not the p. 18. l. 14. omit to. p. 19. l. 16. r. go to. p. 22. l. 2. r. M. his case. p. 24. r. rolls for roots. p. 29. l. 17. for place r. peace. l. 23. r. predestinarian. p. 34. l. 12. lick'd. p. 35. 2. r. a for its. l. 18. leave out and.

**FINIS.**



